Marrie for Iuſtice ſhe is ſo imployd,
He thinkes with *Ioue* in heauen, or ſome where elſe,
So that perforce you muſt needs ſtay a time.
Titus. He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes,
Ile diue into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acaron by the heeles.
Marcus we are but ſhrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bond-men, framd of the Cyclops ſize,
But mettal *Marcus*, ſteele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backs can beare:
And ſith theres no iuſtice in earth nor hell,
We will ſolicite heauen, and moue the Gods,
To ſend downe Iuſtice for to wreake our wrongs:
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus*,
He giues them the Arrowes.
Ad Iouem, thats for you, here *ad Apollonem*,
Ad Martem, thats for my ſelfe,
Here boy to *Pallas*, here to *Mercury*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to ſhoote againſt the winde.
Too it boy, *Marcus* looſe when I bid,
Of my word, I haue written to effect,
Theres not a God left vnſollicited.
Marcus Kinſmen, ſhoot all your ſhafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.
Titus. Now Maiſters draw, oh well ſaid *Lucius*,
Good boy in *Virgoes* lap, giue it *Pallas*.
Marc. My Lord, I aime a mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.
Titus. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what haſt thou done?
See, ſee, thou haſt ſhot off one of *Taurus* hornes.
Marcus. This was the ſport my Lord, when *Publius* ſhot,
The Bull being gald, gaue *Aries* ſuch a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,

And